




Would you look at that?



Chaz
 [cvillette](#)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/2007-12-10> 08:04:00

MOOD:  indescribable

MUSIC: Gillian Welch - Orphan Girl

Huh. No hangover.

Maybe I wasn't drunk after all. (Just emo.)

In other news, avocado + lime juice + sel gris = very good start on breakfast. Now to shore it up with some bagels and coffee, and find my shoes....

Um. Hafs? Why is my mouth still purple?

...this lipstick stain is totally not coming off, is it?



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.

55 comments



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 10 2007, 15:53:32 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

You look dissipated. The Cowboy, Wonder Woman, and Duke are all jealous of whatever you did to get that way. I can tell.

I'm bringing you two little moist white pad things. I shall deliver them discreetly, like a secret message in a CIA

drop spot. Use the one that smells like acetone on your fingernails, and the one that smells like soap on your face.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 10 2007, 18:10:51 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)


Um.

Mom sent me to the bathroom with a jar of cold cream already.

Acetone, however, received and appreciated. And hey, if anybody smells it, they'll just think I'm thinking hard.

What is *in* that lipstick? Other than trace amounts of lead and carcinogens, I mean.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 10 2007, 18:13:06 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, that reminds me.

Where did the lipstick go last night, anyway? When you went to fetch drinks that one time and missed like four songs. Were you stuck in line so long you had to chew your own lips for sustenance?

We forgot to teach you how not to chew the lipstick off, didn't we?



 [cvillette](#)

[December 10 2007, 19:11:18 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

It got smeared, so I just wiped it off. That stuff stains so bad, I didn't think you would notice in the dark.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 10 2007, 19:12:24 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

...the interrogator notes that the subject has switched to passive voice in an attempt to deny ownership of his actions.

How did the lipstick get smeared?



 [cvillette](#)

[December 10 2007, 19:31:48 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Good grief. It's not as if I wear it often enough to know how it works.



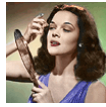
 [trollcatz](#)

[December 10 2007, 19:52:07 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Usually, by applying pressure to the surface of the lipstick-treated portion of one's anatomy.

The interrogator notes that the subject must have *noticed* that the lipstick was smeared, because he took an opportunity to crudely patch the damage.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 10 2007, 19:52:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

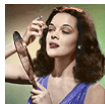
It is suggestive of guilt, I might add, that the subject attempted to conceal the damage from his associates.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 10 2007, 20:03:25 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I wasn't trying to conceal the damage. I was just wiping the lipstick off!



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 10 2007, 20:25:21 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

When I had the tube in my pocket and could have repaired the damage?

Hmm.

Daphs, you ever notice that Chaz doesn't lie? He just only tells the innocuous half of the story.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 10 2007, 20:58:22 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Why, yes. I have noticed that trait in him.

I think we need some hard evidence, or an eyewitness report, to force a confession.

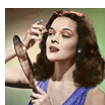


 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 10 2007, 20:58:51 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I'll IM Erik.*

*aka the Boy.




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 11 2007, 02:27:02 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Erik opines that the subject was seen in the company of a young lady (Gothy, plaid skirt (he says "Unless that was her handkerchief"), violet and black hair extensions) about the time of the beverage mission.

Would you like to file a confession now? It'll go easier on you.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 11 2007, 02:28:26 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


You know, not that this is definitive or anything, but...

...the subject was wearing a turtleneck today.

Not definitive.

But suggestive.




 [cvillette](#)

[December 11 2007, 02:55:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It's *December*.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 11 2007, 02:57:17 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

That's why I said suggestive.

Chaz?

Just tell me one thing.

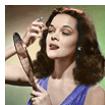
you wore a rubber, didn't you?



 [cvillette](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:02:03 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

GAH!



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:05:58 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

This sounds like panic to me. Keep the pressure on.




 [cvillette](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:02:48 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Picture the most dignified silence you will ever not hear.

Failing that, picture me dropping you on your head the next time you fall off that 5.8.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:34:57 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

(1) you love me too much to do something like that to me.

(2) All I'm asking is a categorical statement that you did not get jiggy with any cute gothgirls last night while you were supposed to be fetching me a sour apple martini.

And you can't say it, can you? Because 0's right. You never lie. You just leave out the juicy bits.

(Did *she* get *your* name?)




 [cvillette](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:37:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, Jesus.

hides



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:38:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...

Wow.

...

People can really surprise you.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:41:19 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

She kind of pounced.

Actually, er. No. I didn't get her name. She was kind of adamant about not telling me.

Oh god, why am I *telling* you this?

Spontaneous combustion, any minute now, please?



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:43:16 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

pets

I bet Duke has more interesting stories.

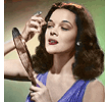



 [cvillette](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:43:44 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

That is NOT COMFORTING.



 [Ometotchtli](#)


[December 11 2007, 03:44:26 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

So what happened?

We've got you red-handed, son, But if you give up the information, we'll go easier on you.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:46:37 UTC](#)

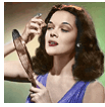
[COLLAPSE](#)

I hate you both.

...It was kind of like the opening of *The Hunger*. Only without the Bauhaus, washing machine, or blood.

dies

crawls under own corpse to hide from inquisitors



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:47:33 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

And you're not David Bowie.

(Hey, did you have fun? Because there is nothing wrong with trashy, when it's fun. You know?)



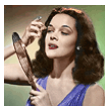
 [cvillette](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:52:10 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

(er. yes. confusing fun. without much conversation. um. Dear Penthouse Forum...)

(i did say I owed you dinner. i wasn't trying to welch on the bet.)



 [Ometotchtli](#)


[December 11 2007, 03:55:11 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

ruffles hair

I know.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:50:01 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...

Um. Okay, not to be the mom here? But strictly as a PSA, not that you would ever do anything like this, and of course nobody I know would do such things?

But public indecency is the sort of thing that federal agents probably shouldn't get busted for. If they want to keep their jobs.

/lecture




 [cvillette](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:52:39 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...

...good point.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:54:04 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Chaz?

Now I can finally see the guy who used to jump out of airplanes.

Just saying.

Just a little moment of cognitive dissonance here. Still love ya, kid. Carry on.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:54:43 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...mostly it wasn't airplanes.

No, I am not going to say more about that on the Internet.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:59:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Check.

Wall tomorrow?




 [cvillette](#)

[December 11 2007, 04:00:05 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...wall. Yes.




 [trollcatz](#)

[December 11 2007, 05:18:19 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...I just figured out what you meant by not airplanes.

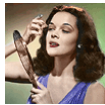
...nine lives doesn't cut it, Coyote.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 11 2007, 02:56:49 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Whoever heard of a plaid handkerchief?




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:01:12 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

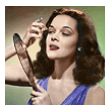
So what was her name?



 [cvillette](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:02:03 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Whose name?



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:03:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

plaid handkerchief.

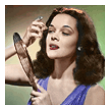


 [cvillette](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:30:01 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I did not catch the name of every girl I talked to in the club all night, you realize.

And there were a lot of plaid skirts around.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:35:31 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

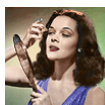
That would be much more convincing if you didn't have an eidetic memory.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:35:48 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...shit.




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:42:03 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Gotcha!



 [cvillette](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:42:29 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Christ, would you look at the time?

Deleted comment




 [cvillette](#)

[December 11 2007, 03:04:31 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

THEY DON'T NEED HELP!



 [cvillette](#)

[December 10 2007, 20:59:18 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I think I would like to have a lawyer preset.




 [cvillette](#)

[December 10 2007, 21:01:34 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

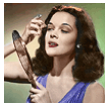
And present, also.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 10 2007, 22:49:43 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Drat, is there no one in this room who's passed the bar? *stifles obligatory joke*
What is this organization coming to?




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 11 2007, 02:27:27 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Todd's got a law degree.

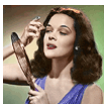


 [trollcatz](#)

[December 11 2007, 02:54:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hah--then when he wrote that, he was in the presence of a lawyer. And did he avail himself of the advice of counsel? Nooooooooo.

I think he's fair game.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 10 2007, 19:33:30 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...Mom had cold cream?

...Does it have uses of which I am unaware?



[cvillette](#)

[December 10 2007, 20:02:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It occurs to me that neither one of us really wants the answer to that question.



[trollcatz](#)

[December 10 2007, 20:26:58 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Unless it means she sometimes comes into work very early after staying out all night wearing eyeshadow and red lipstick...

...Oops, you're right. We don't want to know. *g*

(Great. Now I'm going to have a nightmare about meeting Mom while clubbing.)

[locked] [Dream Journal](#)

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

[Elvis doesn't live here anymore.](#)

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

[Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.](#)